

ALL NEW The



FLINTSTONES

a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES
Production

THE FLINTSTONES

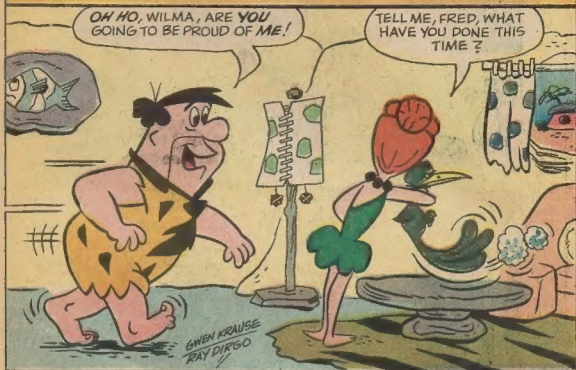
NO. 16
AUG.
CDC

ONLY
20¢



RAY
DARGO

THE FLINTSTONES **HOT STUFF**



THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 3, No. 16, August, 1972.

published every six weeks by Charlton Press, Inc., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. 20c per copy. Subscription \$1.60 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Geo. Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

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**BEDROCK
VOLUNTEER
FIRE DEPT.**

MEN, THE EQUIPMENT IS **EXPENSIVE** SO WE **URGE** YOU TO TAKE THE BEST CARE OF IT, WE ALSO WANT YOU TO KNOW WE ARE PROUD OF YOU WHO GIVE SO UNSELFISHLY OF YOUR TIME AND ASK **NOTHING** IN RETURN!



YOU KNOW, WILMA, THE CHIEF WAS RIGHT WHEN HE PRAISED US FOR GIVING OF OUR TIME, IT **IS** UNSELFISH OF US!

HURMPH! I'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS AND HE THINKS HE'S GIVING OF HIS TIME!



HEY, BARNEY, COME OVER, I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!

OK, FRED!



WELL, BARNEY, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

HEY, THAT'S OK, FRED, BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW WHEN THERE'S A FIRE?







HUCKLEBERRY HOUND in GROUNDED!

WHAT'S THIS,
MISS THUMSTACK?

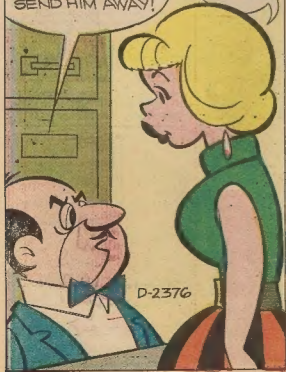
THERE'S AN INVENTOR
HANGING AROUND
OUTSIDE WITH A
FOOT OPERATED
HELICOPTER
TO SEE YOU,
SIR.

PATENT
OFFICE

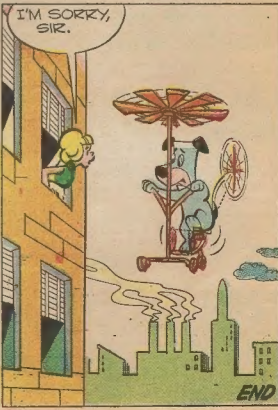


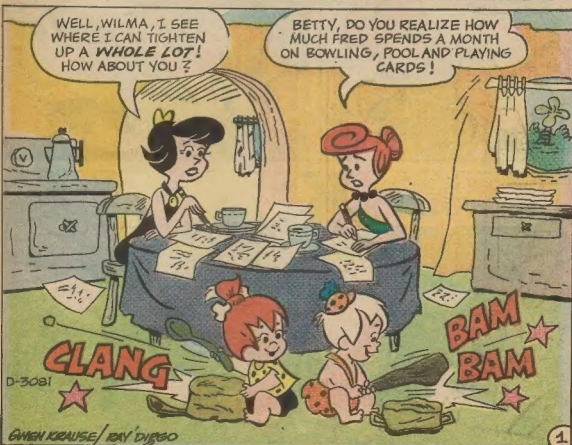
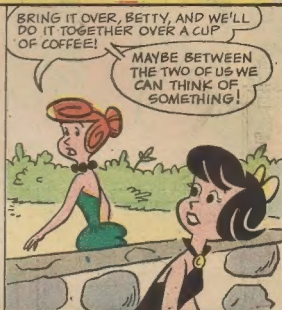
THOSE THINGS
NEVER WORK...
SEND HIM AWAY!

YES,
SIR.



I'M SORRY,
SIR.







NEXT DAY...

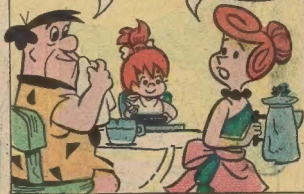
I THOUGHT ABOUT IT ALL DAY, FRED, BUT I CAN'T THINK OF AN EXCUSE TO LEAVE THE HOUSE, ONE BETTY WILL BELIEVE ANYWAY!

HEH HEH, BARNEY OLE BUDDY, YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON FRED FLINTSTONE TO COME THROUGH! NOW HERE'S WHAT WE DO...



...SO THE BOSS CALLED A MEETING FOR TONIGHT AND SAID ANYONE WHO DOESN'T SHOW UP IS FIRED!

WELL, YOU'D BETTER HURRY, FRED, YOU SHOULDN'T BE LATE!



BOY, THAT WAS A GOOD ONE, WILMA FELL FOR IT, HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!

HEH HEH, SOON AS I SAID I'D GET FIRED IF I DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR THE MEETING, BETTY PRACTICALLY THREW ME OUT OF THE HOUSE!



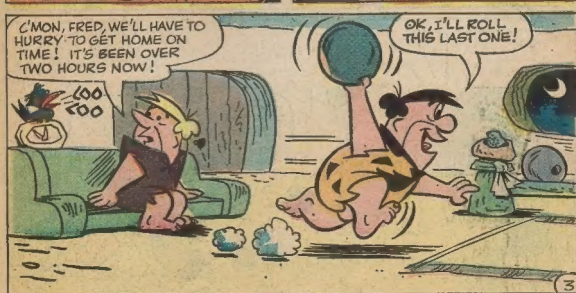
WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH THE TIME, FRED, I'D SURE HATE FOR BETTY TO CATCH ME!

DON'T WORRY, BARNEY, WE'LL BE HOME IN TIME AND THEY WILL NEVER KNOW!



C'MON, FRED, WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY TO GET HOME ON TIME! IT'S BEEN OVER TWO HOURS NOW!

OK, I'LL ROLL THIS LAST ONE!





WE'LL NEVER TALK OUR WAY OUT OF THIS ONE, FRED, BETTY WILL KILL ME!

I'M SORRY, BARNEY, I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED BUT IT JUST WON'T COME OFF!

MEANWHILE..

GEE, I FEEL SORRY FOR THE BOYS! THEY WORK SO HARD ALL DAY AND THEN HAVE TO SPEND THE EVENING THERE, TOO!

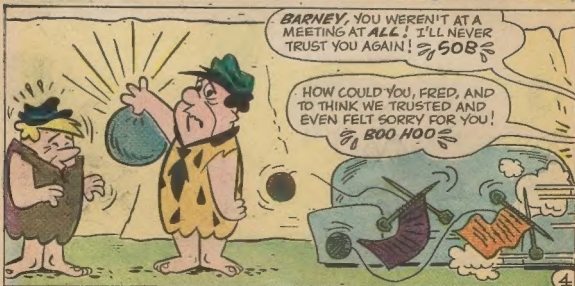
WILMA, MAYBE WE SHOULD RELENT A LITTLE AND LET THEM GO BOWLING TOMORROW NIGHT!



UH, I'M HOME, BETTY!

YOU POOR DEAR, YOU LOOK TIRED! WILMA AND I HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE IN A LITTLE AND LET YOU BOTH GO BOWLING TOMORROW NIGHT!

FRED, WHAT DO YOU HAVE BEHIND YOUR BACK?



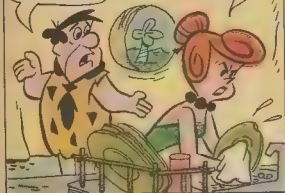
BARNEY, YOU WEREN'T AT A MEETING AT ALL! I'LL NEVER TRUST YOU AGAIN! BOO

HOW COULD YOU, FRED, AND TO THINK WE TRUSTED AND EVEN FELT SORRY FOR YOU! BOO HOO

NEXT DAY...

AW C'MON, HONEY,
PLEASE FORGIVE ME,
I'LL NEVER DECEIVE
YOU AGAIN!

**FRED
FLINTSTONE,
DON'T TALK
TO ME!**

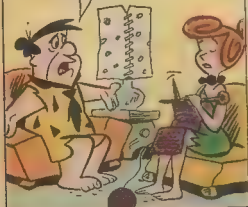


I'LL NEVER LIE
AGAIN, FRED, I FEEL
LIKE A HEEL MAKING
BETTY FEEL SO BAD!

WILMA
WON'T EVEN
TALK TO
ME!

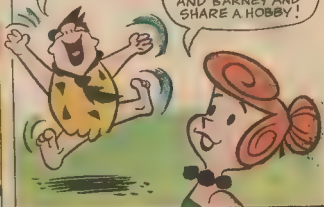


WILMA, WILL YOU PLEASE TALK
TO ME? THIS COLD SHOULDER
IS DRIVING ME MAD!



**WILMA, YOU
TALKED TO ME!
YABA DABA DOO!**

YES, DEAR, BETTY
AND I HAVE DECIDED
TO SPEND OUR
EVENINGS WITH YOU
AND BARNEY AND
SHARE A HOBBY!

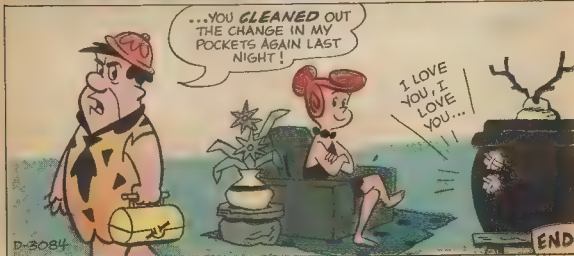
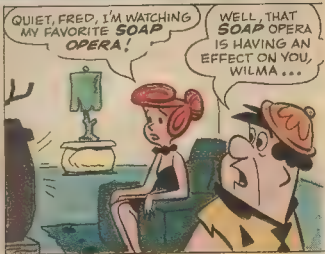
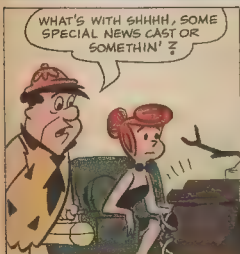
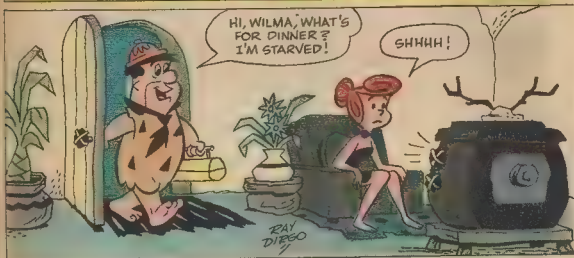


KNIT ONE,
PEARL ONE!

**WILMA, YOU GOTTA
BE KIDDIN'!**



THE FLINTSTONES *in* **Cleaned Out**



Hanna-Barbera
PRESENTS

The FLINTSTONES

IN...

An Important CLIENT

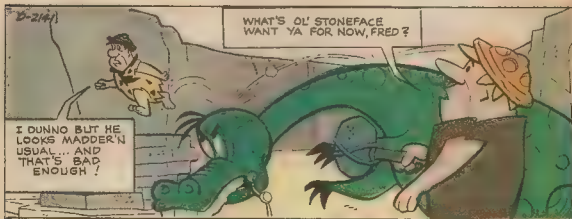
FLINTSTONE, COME UP TO
MY OFFICE AT ONCE!
ON THE DOUBLE!

Y-YESSIR,
MR. SLATE!

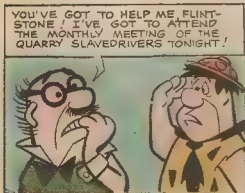


WHAT'S OL' STONEFACE
WANT YA FOR NOW, FRED?

I DUNNO BUT HE
LOOKS MADDEN'N
USUAL... AND
THAT'S BAD
ENOUGH!



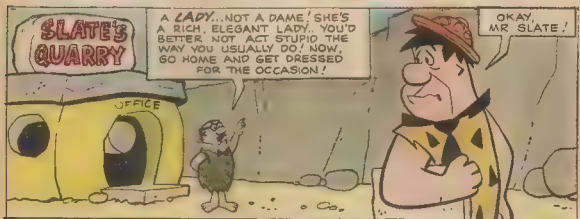
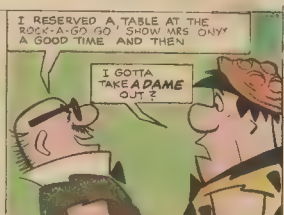
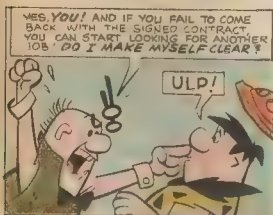
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FLINT-
STONE! I'VE GOT TO ATTEND
THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE
QUARRY SLAVEDRIVERS TONIGHT!

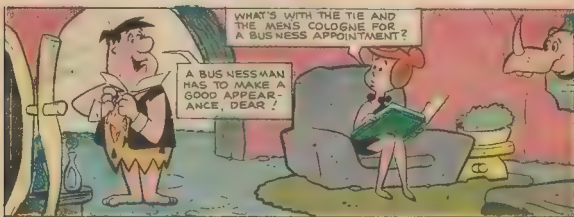
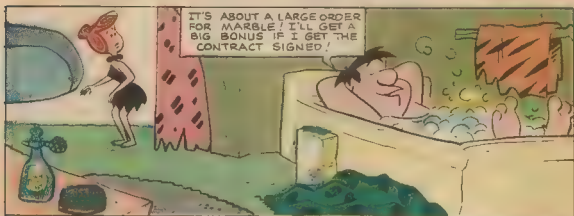
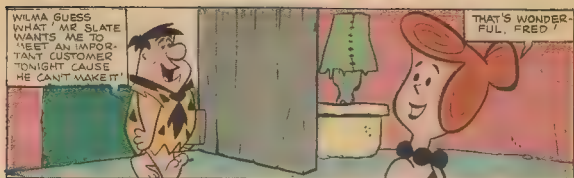


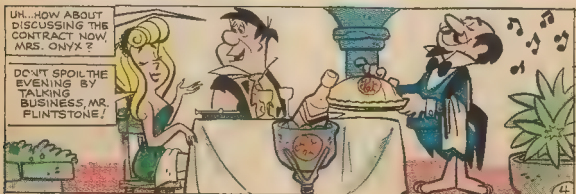
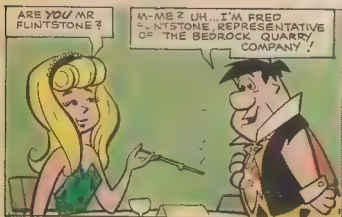
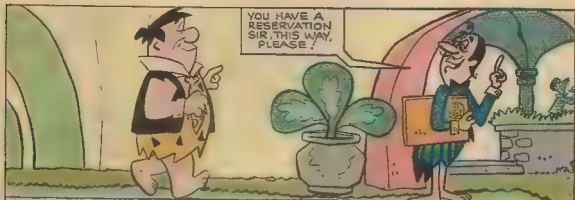
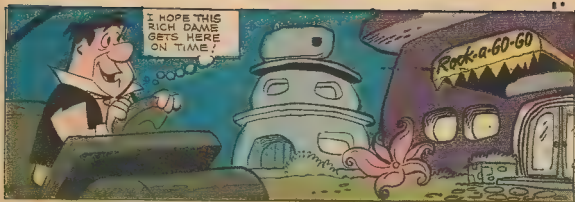
AND I'VE ALSO GOT AN
APPOINTMENT WITH A BIG
CUSTOMER! A CONTRACT
FOR THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS
DEPENDS ON GETTING THE
ORDER!

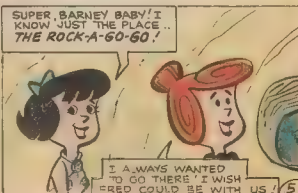
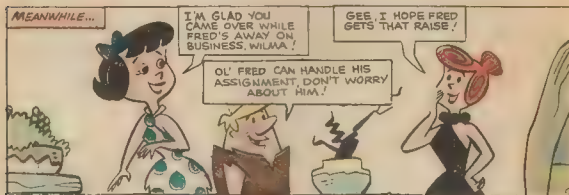
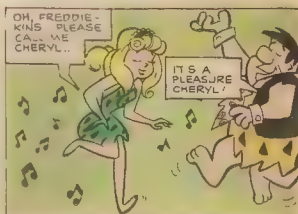
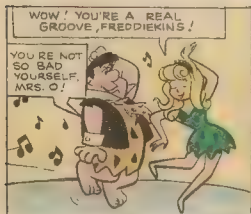


GEE THAT'S
TOUGH, MR. SLATE!
WISH I COULD
HELP YOU OUT!



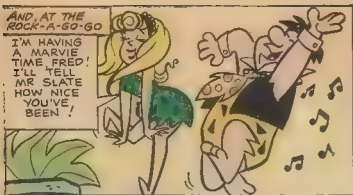






AND, AT THE
ROCK-A-GO-GO

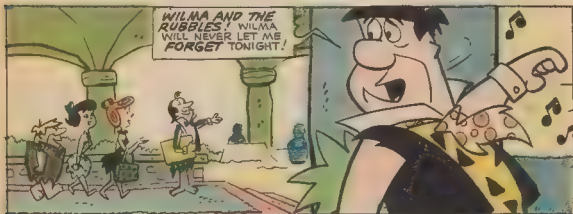
I'M HAVING
A MARVIE
TIME, FRED!
I'LL TELL
MR SLATE
HOW NICE
YOU'VE
BEEN!



THIS WILL BE A NIGHT
TO REMEMBER...

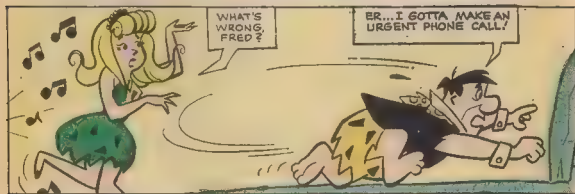


WILMA AND THE
RUBBIES! WILMA
WILL NEVER LET ME
FORGET TONIGHT!



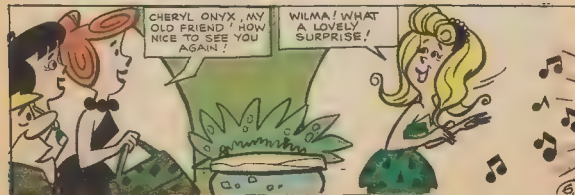
WHAT'S
WRONG,
FRED?

ER... I GOTTA MAKE AN
URGENT PHONE CALL!

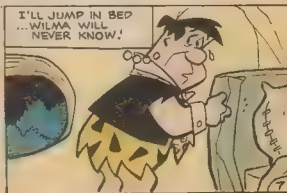
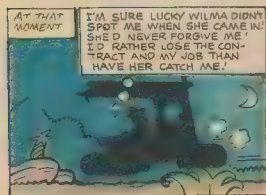
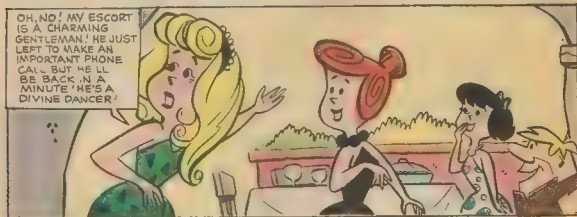
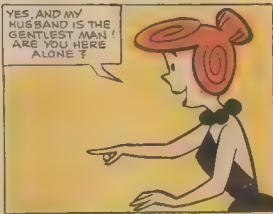
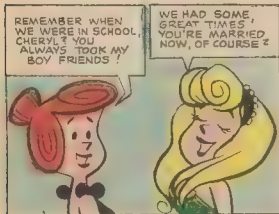
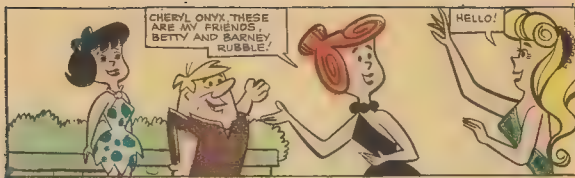


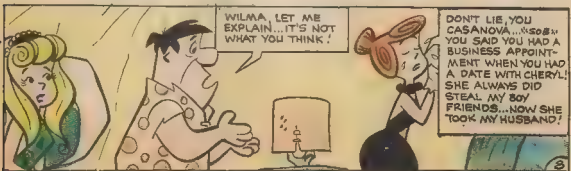
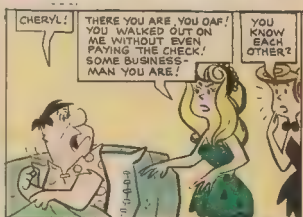
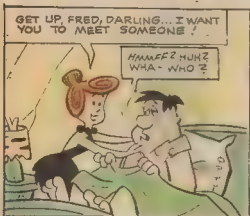
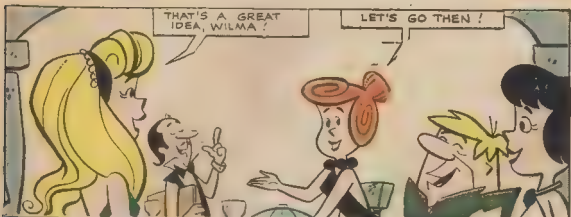
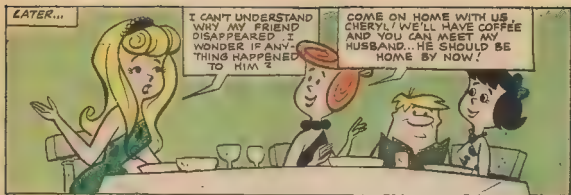
CHERYL ONYX, MY
OLD FRIEND! HOW
NICE TO SEE YOU
AGAIN!

WILMA! WHAT
A LOVELY
SURPRISE!



CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES





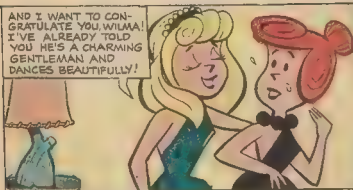
WILMA, STOP BEING SILLY ABOUT THIS! FRED WAS REPRESENTING MR. SLATE, TRYING TO GET A CONTRACT FROM ME FOR AN ORDER OF MARBLE!



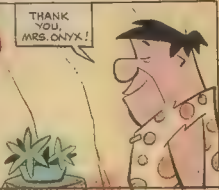
THAT'S ALL IT WAS, WILMA! I DIDN'T DARE TELL YOU MY CLIENT WAS A DAME, SEE... ER LADY!



AND I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU, WILMA! I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU HE'S A CHARMING GENTLEMAN AND DANCES BEAUTIFULLY!



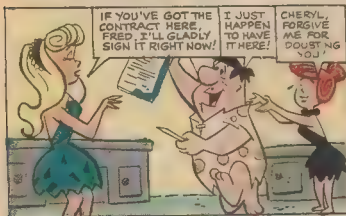
THANK YOU, MRS. ONLYX!



IF YOU'VE GOT THE CONTRACT HERE, FRED, I'LL GLADLY SIGN IT RIGHT NOW!

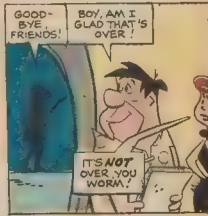
I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE IT HERE!

CHERYL, FORGIVE ME FOR DOUBTING YOU!



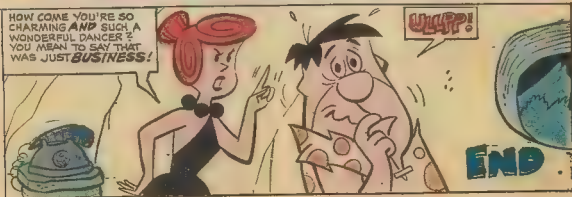
GOOD-BYE, FRIENDS!

BOY, AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER!



HOW COME YOU'RE SO CHARMING AND SUCH A WONDERFUL DANCER? YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT WAS JUST BUSINESS!

WILLY!



3 TASKS for LOVE

"I love your daughter very much," said Juan. "So on my bended knees I ask your permission to marry her. She loves me very much also."

"You look ridiculous on your bended knees," observed Papa Moro. "I will only give you my permission to marry her if you can successfully perform three tasks."

"For the love of your daughter I would even go to the Moon," insisted the youthful lover.

"You are not an astronaut and you haven't even a space ship," pointed out, with a grin on his face, a wise father. "So just listen to what I have to tell you. Now, in my backyard I have more than a thousand chickens. On Wednesday morning when the sun rises, I want you to get for me a feather from the first chicken to pass the red rock. You are putting on much too much weight. So I want you to come here. Bend your body downwards without bending your knees. And pluck a blade of grass from the ground. The third one is to carry lighted fire in your hand. No yelling about the pain. Bring that to me so I can light my cigar."

If you can accomplish all those feats, then you are a man worthy of my daughter's hand. But no magic. No going to the witch and ask for a spell. However, if Gogo the Ghost wants to give you some advice, you can take it. He has a weak spot in his heart for young lovers."

Poor Juan wasn't very happy when he heard the three tasks he had to perform. So he left the house with a sad expression on his face. Took a walk and sat down on a stump of a tree. Then suddenly a white figure appeared before his eyes. It was Gogo the Ghost.

"Cheer up," said the little ghost. "The first task isn't hard at all. Put some corn in your hand. Wait till you see one chicken go away from the rest. Drop the corn on the ground. Go to the red rock. The chicken will follow you. Then pluck out gently one feather and give it to Papa Moro."

"Hey, that's a swell idea," half shouted the young lover. "I would never have thought of it myself. I will do it."

So Wednesday morning, Juan followed the advice. And he gave the feather to Papa Moro.

"I watched you with my spyglass," smiled the old man. "You did it by yourself. Clever to drop the corn on the ground. But the next task will be hard for you to accomplish."

Back he went and sat on the same tree stump. Gogo the Ghost came up to him.

"Let's see you bend to the ground. Without bending your knees. Begin now."

Eight times our hero tried it and failed. Gogo the Ghost shook his head sadly.

"Just a big softy, you are. Get a hoe. Work ten hours a day. Get muscles. Also calluses on your hand. They will come in handy."

So out into the field he went and worked side by side with the peasants. Very hard work he found it. But every day at lunch period, his beloved Maria would bring him food to eat.

"All this you are doing for me," she sighed. "I will be the best wife in the world to you."

So at the end of the month he had lost 42 pounds. And now he was even handsome. He went to see Papa Moro. It took him three attempts to do it. But without bending his knees he managed to pluck the blade of grass from the ground.

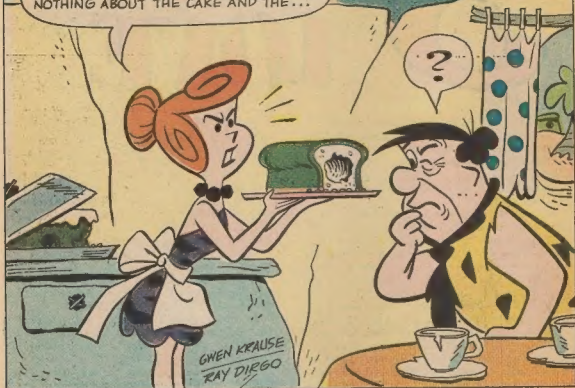
"Bravo," shouted the father. "Almost a worthy man for my daughter. "If you take the fire test now and pass it, I will give you 50,000 gold pesos as the dowry for my daughter."

Juan was about to say he wanted time to see Gogo the Ghost and get advice. But Maria was smart. She looked at Juan's tough hands with the calluses on them. She rushed into the kitchen. Came back with a tiny bit of blazing coal which she held with a pair of tongs. She dropped the coal on the calluses. Juan didn't feel the flame at all. And Papa Moro used it to light his cigar.

"You have my permission to marry and may you two be very happy. Also my blessings," he told them.

The FLINTSTONES in The Cheesescape!

JUST LOOK WHAT THAT MOUSE HAS DONE TO THIS LOAF OF BREAD! SAY NOTHING ABOUT THE CAKE AND THE...





HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

in WHO DAT?

WHAT
WAS
THAT?

D-2183

SOMEONE'S HERE!

OO

YEEEEEE!!!

KRAASSH!

GOT 'IM!

ZZZZZ

END

Dani the Big Prize

